

THE LIGUORIAN



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JULY—1922

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"Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that much of the reading matter that is so freely admitted into our homes is fraught with more danger to the soul of the child than the most virulent diseases are with danger to its physical health. Modern science and efficient public control teach us to guard the bodies of children from sickness and danger of death. The conscience of Christian parents should teach them to be equally vigilant when there is danger of the death of the soul of the child."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

JULY 1922

No. 7

Envy

I.

Flower, near the altar-stone,
Bending thy head so meek;
Pour, pour thy perfumes sweet
All at His feet.
Flower, I envy you,
So near, so true.

II.

Light, near the altar-stone,
Watching love's sacrifice,
Shed, shed thy golden light
Fair to His sight.
Light, O! I envy you,
So near, so true.

III.

Incense, near altar-stone,
Burning with love divine,
Float, float around His throne,
All, all His own.
Incense, I envy you,
So near, so true.

IV.

Priest, at the altar-stone,
Gazing with rapt, glad eyes,
Love, love for greater love
Shining above.
Priest, O! I envy you,
So near, so true.

—W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

THE HOUSE WITH THE CLOSED SHUTTERS

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Like the landmarks on a hillside, so are the regular assistants at the week day mass in a parish church—the scene would look strange and unreal without them. The most striking of these figures in St. Mary's is that of a heavily veiled woman who invariably kneels in the shadow of the large pillar on the Gospel side. By her form and movement she would seem not yet past the prime of life, but when she puts back her veil at the railing—she receives Holy Communion daily—one is surprised to see that her hair is white as snow. The last worshipper leaves the church before she rises from her corner and hurries to the big house across the street. Be it delicacy or respect or pity, true it is, that the neighbors pass in silence and without a single curious glance that dreary house with its closed shutters and locked doors: they know it shelters a father bereft of reason and a mother with a broken heart.

Oh, time was,—how well these people remember it!—when tongues wagged and scandal mongers hurried hither and yon to be the first to carry the tidings which besmirched the fair fame of the inmates of that house. But that was years ago.

Father Casey could tell you—if he cared to do so—of the days when the Dorans were the “best family” in the parish, when out through those windows, now so closely shuttered, lights flashed, laughter and music rang. 'Twas a hospitable house, and the young folk, always welcome, loved to gather there, with Molly Doran, the soul, the guiding spirit, of their innocent frolics. Even the “Clergy” were entertained there, for Father Tim was not always able to decline the pressing invitation to bring a visiting priest into that genial household for a quiet dinner. Peter Doran, a man with a warm heart and a quiet tongue, loved all his children in his unostentatious way, but his affection for his daughter Molly bordered on adoration. He was glad to see friends pour in, because, like all good men, he cultivated hospitality, but principally because he knew it gave pleasure to Molly. As to Mrs. Doran, Father Casey was deeply grateful to that excellent

woman, so active, so tactful, so efficient in furthering every good cause, though he often deplored a certain hidden pride and a certain merciless severity towards wrong-doers which he remarked in her character.

Naturally, a family so prominent and so popular could not escape being an object of envy to some less fortunate neighbors, yet even these dissimulated their unfriendly sentiments and courted the society of the Dorans.

When the young people dropped in, in an informal way, to spend the evening, Clyde Rayburn seldom failed to be one of the company. He was the brilliant young attorney from, it was said, New York, who had recently taken charge of the legal department in the principal bank of the place. Here was the first welcome opportunity to connect the Doran name with scandal. "A divorced man calling there—surely for no other reason than because he had his eye on Milly!" Although if he had shown an interest in some of these foolish girls who discussed him and Molly in scandalized whispers, they and their still more foolish mammas would have been pleased. Disregarding the grave warnings of God and God's Church, they would have encouraged his attentions. He was wealthy, he was cultured, he was entertaining—how easy to anaesthetize a sluggish conscience with the damnable lie: "There is nothing very wrong in a girl's keeping company with a divorced man, provided he treats her with respect and she intends to go no further."

Time brought its changes there as elsewhere. Milly left home to take a position, she told her friends, in a neighboring city. Clyde Rayburn was transferred, so ran an item in the personal column of the daily papers, to another bank. These two events took place within a few weeks of each other. However, no one but Father Casey knew of Molly's letter to her mother confessing that she and Rayburn had gone through the formalities of a civil marriage before a magistrate previous to their departure. Mrs. Doran did not dare break the dreadful news to her husband. How often, in the light of succeeding events, she asked herself if hers had not been a cruel mercy!

Hence, without being prepared by any warning, not even by a shadow of suspicion, Mr. Doran one day unfolded the morning paper, and these glaring headlines seared themselves into his soul: "Big-amist And Companion Arrested While Boarding Liner! Wellston,

Alias Rayburn, Tracked By Wife He Deserted For Western Beauty. Pair Taken For Trial To Scene Of Attempted Marriage."

Peter Doran uttered not a word. In fact, through all the agonizing days that followed he exhibited an amount of self control which, to those who knew the deep intensity of his feelings, was nothing short of appalling. He handed the paper to his wife, reached for his hat and hurried down town. Seeking out the best lawyers that could be had, he instructed them to get in touch with the so-called Rayburn even before his arrival and begin work on the case. So rapidly they worked that bail was fixed and given and the unfortunate pair were obliged to remain only one day in the city jail. Doran did not meet his daughter but he kept in constant touch with every step of the preparatory proceedings. When he was not in the office of his lawyers, he gave absolute orders that they call him up any hour of the day or night that a new development should arise. There was no difficulty in reaching him at night, for, as far as anyone could say, he never slept. All his time at home was spent at his desk studying the testimony or pacing up and down the room in silent thought. If he happened to be there at meal time, he sat down with the other members of the family, but seldom did food or drink pass his lips. They often said to one another: "We should insist on his eating and sleeping." But the bravest among them did not dare to speak. Each day his drawn face grew whiter, the fever in his blood-shot eyes burned brighter. Yet he never for a moment lost his cool, steady, logical judgment in untangling the intricate statements where revenge, cupidity, deceit, remorse, love, hysteria, all combined to hide the truth. Even the lawyers marvelled at how frequently this determined man outdistanced them in their own field. He was the first to piece together the scattered fragments into a consistent whole. His version was the true one, and he knew it. But whether or not it could be proved to a jury, was the question upon which hinged his daughter's fate. Briefly it was as follows:

Rayburn, or to call him by his true name, Wellston, shrewd and crafty though he was, had met a woman more crafty than himself. She married him for his money. The marriage proved unhappy. Wellston sued for a divorce, but his wife had long foreseen this step and had laid her plans to foil him. The decree was not granted. From that time they lived mostly apart, though she found means to keep in-

formed of all his doings, and from time to time she followed him and took lodgings in the city where he was located. When he came to take his position in the bank, he described himself as a divorced man in order to forestall any difficulties which might arise should anyone get a hint that he had a wife. Molly Doran never knew differently, until the moment they were arrested on the gang-plank of the Trans-Atlantic Liner. Proof of the fact that she believed him legally divorced, though it would not lessen her guilt one whit in the sight of God, would free her before the law and would at the same time make the case much harder against him.

The insane passion which led her to sacrifice religion, virtue, reputation, family, for him, was still strong within her. He knew it, and with all the craft and cunning of the coward at bay he played upon that passion till she was ready to meet death rather than expose him. The difficult task of proving that she had not wittingly broken the civil law, had to be accomplished without her help, nay, even in the face of her determined opposition.

Letters from her to Wellston had, after their arrest, fallen into the hands of the prosecution. In fact, the treacherous, contemptible snake had seen to it that they should be discovered, for these letters gave the impression that she knew he was legally bound to another woman. In these letters Molly, though she believed him to be divorced, had never referred to the decree. She knew well that, before God, a civil divorce could never break a valid marriage, and therefore whenever she referred to the other woman she spoke of her as his lawful wife. In these letters she would protest that her love for him was so strong that it made her break all law, wrong the partner to whom he was bound already for life, and many such other expressions damning in the eyes of a jury. If she could have been brought to declare the facts, the true meaning of these letters could have been explained. Every effort was made to urge her to do so, but Wellston had laid his spell upon her and she was adamant.

Peter Doran was present at the trial. Never once did he look at his daughter but followed every word of the proceedings with a watchfulness so intense that he seemed not to breathe. Not an eye in that courtroom looked upon his sorrow-stamped face, white and motionless as if carved in marble, but it dropped in reverence and almost in awe. But Mrs. Wellston had not forgotten the value of stage setting. She

sat within full view of the jury and the greater part of the courtroom, a child of about two years upon her lap. She had a worn, tired look, either natural or remarkably well assumed. Indeed, she must have been for some time in poor health, for her complexion was sallow, her shoulders stooped, her neck and arms very thin. Naturally every one noticed the contrast between her sickly look and the striking beauty and wholesome freshness of Molly Doran. The prosecuting attorney did not fail to make capital of this difference in the appearance of the two women.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," he said in the course of his speech, "duty and conscience summon you today to set your faces to a disagreeable—to a painful task. They bid you lay aside false pity and come to the defence of the American home. You see before you a wife and mother who sacrificed health and beauty to found a true home and raise up children to the man to whom she had pledged her troth. You see before you another woman who abused the beauty God gave her to step in between this wife and husband, steal his heart, and ruin their home. If such a crime goes unpunished, what home is safe, what mother, as she sits at the fire-side with her babe in her arms, but must tremble lest that baby's father fall a victim to some shameless adventuress? The laws of this sovereign state protect the sanctity of marriage,—without condemning those who are unhappily mated to life-long slavery. When they bring unquestionable evidence to a court of justice that it would be better for their own interest and the common weal that they be freed from the bonds they have inadvisedly assumed, the laws of the state provide that the courts annul their marriage and leave each free to find happiness with a more congenial partner. Can we allow a woman, while hypocritically professing to follow a code, stricter than the laws of the state,—this was a thrust at the Catholic Church, for he had taken care that there were no Catholics on the jury—I repeat, can we allow a woman while hypocritically professing to follow a code stricter than the laws of the state to step in between a man and his wife even after a court of justice has formally declared that there is no just cause for separation?"

The trial dragged on. Peter Doran remained silent and immovable. Wellston's term of imprisonment was fixed. Then, amid a death-like stillness, the court sentenced, "Mary, better known as Molly Doran, to the penitentiary."

A cry, so heart-rending, so unearthly, that it sounded more like the shriek of a lost soul than the voice of a human being rang out through the courtroom. None that heard that cry of agony ever forgot it to the end of his life. Peter Doran, as he uttered it, crumpled up in a heap upon the floor. They raised him—his wasted body was as light as that of a child—and carried him to his home.

For days he lay like one dead, then slowly, almost imperceptibly, life returned,—returned to the heart, to the lungs, but not to the withered limbs, not to the seared brain. Peter Doran lived, but a cripple and insane. The Doran children left the neighborhood and the city where they could never again lift their heads for shame. They fain would have taken with them father and mother, but Mrs. Doran refused to go. Was it that she hoped the old scenes and the old associations might some day re-awaken the spark of reason in the diseased mind of her husband, or was it part of her life of atonement to linger in the very place where every brick and stone proclaimed her disgrace. None but the angels know. She lives all alone with her husband in the large house which was once the scene of so many a merry gathering. Outside of the hour spent in church each morning, her days and nights are consumed ministering to the human wreck who lies babbling and whining in the changing moods of insanity.

Often, when he is alone, Father Casey looks across the street, and speaks to that bleak, lonely house as though it were a living thing: "The day of the sentence was your day of mercy," he says; "the day of your curse was the day the daughter, with the connivance of her parents defied God's law and encouraged the first advances of a supposedly divorced man!"

The man of action finds his firmest support in the certainty that he is not laboring alone: God is with him. The Lord, says Isaiah, is our Emmanuel—God with us.

In the tissue of each one's life there is a warp of joy and a woof of sorrow. The former tells us of the kindness of our Heavenly Father and awakens gratitude in our hearts. The latter reminds us of the shortness of our time here below, where we have indeed to climb the steep and narrow paths of virtue, but can ever keep in sight the home where joy is to be our portion for eternity.

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The Mighty Lover

LETTERS FROM MARY

Edited by E. L. MATTINGLY, C. SS. R.

Had anyone suggested to Mary Roan that she was a saint, she would have laughed outright, I am sure. She may possibly have thought it irony, and taken a look at her conduct to see whether there were anything very wrong in it. But in no other way would the idea ever have come to her mind. However, the facts make a pretty story.

Benson is just an ordinary little suburb of one of our large cities of the West. Here, some years ago and not so many at that, Mary Roan was born. Hers was an ideal Catholic home. Her parents were not rich and not poor; they were, however, blessed with the Faith, and to them that meant all. The Faith was the atmosphere of that home, and as it were naturally, Mary drank in from her very infancy a deep reverence for God and holy things, and from her infancy the image of Our Blessed Mother in particular shone before her and filled her with abiding wonder and love. Wonder is the atmosphere of childhood, the paradise of childhood,—but a great deal depends on what they begin to wonder about!

All this was not so remarkable; perhaps your recollections of home are very similar. Mine are, and I have since come into many such homes. As for Mary, she was also in most things like other girls of her age, and her childhood days were as uneventful as those of any other child,—that is in big events, as grown people look at events. Winning she was—she must have been, considering her sweet gifts of mind and heart which she possessed. Her eyes? Now don't ask me about that; nor whether she was blonde or brunette. I do not wish to commit myself, and I am not a novelist. Guess, if you wish!

One handicap she had to contend with. Her parents sent her to public school for her education. The reason was quite simple: there was no parochial school in the neighborhood to which she might have been sent. But God's grace is never wanting in necessity if only we do our part; and so it happened that despite this drawback, grace came in stronger streams to our little heroine through the Christian home-life she enjoyed, and the watchful care of her devoted parents.

There came a glad June day, with all the glamor of Commencement Exercises. Mary was in her place among the graduates, looking for all the world like a lily.

Then began a new chapter in her life. In order to help her parents the better, she went to the big city to look for work, and became a stenographer. She was no mope, she was no dullard, no idler; on the contrary her ability in taking dictation and typewriting, her brightness and cheerfulness, won her the esteem of employers and fellow-workers alike. She had become a business-woman and to all appearances would be one forever,—or at least till some other June day!

Then something happened,—just an ordinary thing if you will,—but nothing so ordinary but it may be the unseen touch of God's finger. A mission was given at the church which Mary attended. Of course she made it,—she was glad to make it; for God was never far from her thoughts; she made it, as she did everything else, thoroughly—from beginning to end, every exercise of it. From childhood she had known the Eternal Truths and had often thought of them; but now her vision was sharpened and broadened, and grace threw a clearer ray across them. A great desire awoke in her heart: higher and holier things loomed before her vision; she heard the Master's call: "If thou wilt be perfect, come and follow Me." The vague desire and will to please God settled into the more definite idea of devoting her gifts and talents to God's service in the convent.

As if to strike while the iron was hot and shape the metal to His will, God brought another event into Mary's way just about this time. But it did not look to be after God's manner at all.

It came to her with the daily newspaper. For a long time the society column of the Globe-Herald had been full of the praises of Elinore Morrow, an accomplished girl, the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of the city. Her entrance into society had been heralded with a round of social events. She fast became the idol of the city. Mary read of it day after day, and often, no doubt, looked at the picture of the society bud. One morning, as she took up the paper, she was almost stunned. She read:

"Three Months a Queen. Society Bud Turns Back on World. Elinore Morrow forsakes the world in order to live for God in poverty, chastity and obedience and in the service of the little ones of God's flock."

Society folks gasped with incredulity; Mary wondered and exulted in her heart at the victory of grace.

Then began Mary's romance. It was a real love affair; only the lover was Christ. She had never known Elinore Morrow personally,—only by reputation. Elinore now became her heroine. So strong was the fascination which Elinore's sacrifice exercised over Mary, that she, in the battle to make her own decision for life, resolved to write a series of letters to Elinore. Of course, bashful as she was, she would not dare really to send these letters to Miss Morrow, a perfect stranger to her; they were just make-believe letters. It was a funny idea, in a way,—a lover's idea. And yet, but for those letters we would never have found out what sort of a girl Mary Roan was. I got these letters from her younger sister. They were all written either in leisure moments at the office where she worked or more generally, at home, in the evening.

So she began.

Thursday, June 17, 1920.

Dear Elinore:

It would be such a comfort if I could only really write you, instead of make-believe. But I am convinced that the life you have chosen must also be mine. I long for it—for its beauty and self-sacrifice. But will I have the strength to give myself wholeheartedly to it? How did you do it, Elinore, with your social position, education and excellent chances for marriage? If you who had so many worldly advantages could do it, why can't I?

I saw Phyllis Murray today. The sight of her and so many like her makes me thankful that there are convents where we, who are not so worldly-minded can seclude ourselves. I am sure that if I could raise my social standing I would become proud and self-satisfied like the rest and I do not want to be a Pharisee. Even now I often envy the Burns' though I have what they haven't—the priceless Gift of Faith. If I am to be a teacher, and all my natural talents point in that direction, why not consecrate myself to it—devote my life to that calling and make it really worth while? If I go to the University, my faith may become lukewarm and, please, Oh God! don't allow that to happen.

I want to teach—to be known as Sister Mary Marguerite or Sister Mary Elizabeth. To be a nun of the Sacred Heart or of some order

dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. I sang all the hymns last night—they make me feel so holy and arouse a passion for the good, the beautiful and the true.

Dear Helen, I don't care for this world. It is so hollow, so false. Let us hope that by September, 1921, or by my 19th birthday I shall enter some Cloister, dedicating my life to Christ. Dearest, pray for me. Some day in heaven we shall meet. Then will you know what your sacrifice did—how it influenced others.

Think of me in your prayers. If only you will I am sure Christ and His Blessed Mother will help me to persevere in my good intentions to the end.

I read "What Shall I Be?" each morning on the car. God bless its Author.

Darling, believe me,
Your little novice,
Mary.

We cultivate tastes for music, for painting, for architecture. We may also cultivate distastes, as a distaste for certain food or a distaste for extravagance. But best of all is a distaste for sin, such that one may readily say to oneself of anything sinful: "That is not the sort of thing for me!" "That is not in my line!" This distaste, as Plato says, is a gift of God.

Is it not worth all we suffer to be able in the end to look up into the face of our God and say to Him: "Father!"

INNOCENCE

When Mabel folds her tiny hands,
Like flower-petals, lily white,
The angels tip-toe Heaven's floor;
Stars drop their veils, in fields of light.

When Mabel kneels to lisp her prayer,
The blue-eyed flowrets bow their heads
Through all the sun-dyed summer air
The rose her sweetest perfume sheds.

When Mabel lifts her eyes to Heaven,
And sweetly pleads in arch suspense,
God lifts a finger; Heaven's whist,
So great the power of Innocence.

W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.

This Is How It Happened

ROMANCE IN A SEWING CIRCLE

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

It was a dull summer afternoon. Nothing stirred, and nothing apparently would be tempted to stir: it was so hot. The sewing club sat at its work in the home of Miss Tessie Martin, as usual. Only there was silence as they worked and this was unusual.

"Hasn't Father Siever written yet to say how he liked the vestments?" There was no mistaking it: Miss Owen, the speaker, was evidently piqued.

"And Father Kelting hasn't acknowledged the receipt of those mended chasubles!" added Miss Heer; the heat had parched her smile.

"No, and nothing has been heard of the purificators and altar cloths we sent to that poor church in Texas!" chimed in Miss Dunc.

"You know," said Miss Brooks, impulsive in quitting as in undertaking, "There's no use going on with this! Nobody cares about it! We might just as well send this mending out to some business house and buy the vestments instead of making them. I'm willing to contribute! What do you say!"

"I don't know whether it would be just as well," replied Miss Martin. "There's something in personal service, you know. Anyway, I am too much under the spell of this sultry weather to make a real decision now; I might decide something that on a 'peppier' day, I'd want to recall."

"You and your philosophy again!" said Miss Brooks in mock disgust; for in reality she had not missed the point, and she thoroughly liked her more deliberate friend. "Where did you get that fancy idea—personal service?"

Miss Martin said nothing; but dropping her sewing she went to the dresser and brought out a letter.

"A letter!" "Why didn't you tell us!" "You were hiding it from us!" "I like your nerve! The club's letters!" Everybody was talking now.

"Now just wait!" declared Miss Martin deliberately. "Who's boss here?"

"Oh, go along with your being boss!" exclaimed Miss Brooks. "If

I didn't like you I wouldn't be here. Boss nothing!" At which all laughed.

"Anyway," went on Miss Martin calmly, "I've got the letter and if you don't behave, you won't hear—"

"Oh, come now," said Miss Brooks pleadingly; "please read it to us, Miss Boss; you know I'm dying to hear it!" The other then began to read:

"Dear Miss Martin:

Pardon me for not writing at once to let you know that I received the mended vestments. I frankly admire the care and delicacy with which the mending was done. It is evident that those who worked at it, realized that they were working for Our Lord.

"Indeed, it seems to me, the work you and your friends are doing is a great deal like that of Our Lady,—who made and mended the garments for Our dear Savior to wear. And if, in His earthly life, those who touched the hem of His garments, felt the virtue going out from Him for the good of their souls and the health of their bodies, so also shall grace stream out upon you who labor for the vestments that serve Him in His life in the Blessed Sacrament.

"As a little token of my gratitude our congregation shall offer the High Mass next All Saint's Day for you and your zealous co-workers. May God reward you.

Very sincerely yours,

FATHER KELTING."

Miss Brooks was the first to break the silence that followed the reading of the letter.

"It is strange," she remarked, "how happy I felt while working here; I never found anything half so enjoyable, and I never went back to my house-work with so much cheer and good humor as when I had spent some hours of the afternoon touching the hem of Our Lord's garments, as Father Kelting puts it. I never saw it that clearly before."

"No, indeed, we won't send them out to some business house!" exclaimed Miss Heer.

"But there haven't been any miracles yet!" added Miss Brooks.

"Well, when you keep quiet, it will be one!" retorted Miss Heer. Just then the clock struck half past four,—their time for disbanding.

"For that I'm going right home!" said Miss Brooks, feigning to be insulted.

* * * *

"Miss Martin?" asked a young lady two days later as Miss Martin came to the door in response to the bell.

"Yes," answered she; "I'm Miss Martin. Come in, won't you, and what can I do for you?" As she spoke she measured the girl from head to foot with her kindly eyes, and she felt,—so she said afterwards,—instinctively that this was a good girl. At least, that is what she proved later on to be in reality.

"Well, I am Miss Dorothy McQuade," replied the visitor, and there was a note of weariness in her voice, as if she had been repeating this more than once. "I'm from Canada,—Toronto,—and I've come to the States because I am quite alone. Father and mother died, and I came on to Chicago to live with an aunt of mine; but I did not like it there, so I came to St. Louis. What I am looking for is a place to board; I was referred to you. Of course, I cannot afford much—"

An ordinary hard luck story, you will say. To Miss Martin it was the real thing. She claims she knew her girl.

"Certainly, Miss McQuade," she broke in impulsively. "You can stay with me,—that is, if you are satisfied. You see how big my apartments are: just two rooms, my bed and my sewing room. You can take the bed room; I'll use the sewing room as a bed room at night, and during the day we can simply move things back, and there you are,—a perfect sewing room! How will that do?"

"Oh, immensely!" said Miss McQuade, "as far as I am concerned; but I hate to put you to any bother like that."

"Bother indeed!" replied the other indignantly. "Come now, make yourself at home." But, she continued after a while, looking at her watch, "I'm afraid you're in for work the first thing this afternoon." The smile on her face made Miss McQuade smile involuntarily. It was a long time since she had met with such simple, unaffected kindness.

"What's that!" she asked.

"See those two girls coming there?" replied the other, pointing out of the window to the street below. "They're old maids,—horrid old things,—and they're coming here, for a sewing circle. You know what that means, don't you?" She feigned her horror so well that the other girl was almost deceived.

"Gossip?" she ventured, somewhat uncertainly.

"Gossip! Well you just watch that red-headed one! Her name is Miss Brooks. But here they are."

So they were introduced. The other members of the sewing circle arrived soon after. Miss McQuade also asked for a needle and permission to work with them. The vestments were brought out,—white and gold, red and gold, green and white, the silk sparkling and crackling,—and spread on the table.

"I'm going to work on that green one in honor of St. Patrick!" cried Miss Brooks. "Come on, Miss McQuade, your name sounds green enough! Besides, you know," she pretended to whisper, "red doesn't agree with my complexion!"

There was a general outcry in response and a hearty laugh; but Miss Brooks already had the other young lady seated next to her.

"What's this?" asked she in a whisper, as she fingered the vestment with manifest astonishment. The look of horror on Miss Brook's face almost froze her.

"What!" the former fairly cried aloud. "You don't mean to tell me that you have never been at Mass!" But Miss McQuade only looked the more surprised, as she seemed to feel that she might have given pain. The others all looked up at her. Miss Martin dropped her sewing.

"Aren't you a Catholic?" she asked coming over to the girl and gently putting her arm around her. "Then you probably won't care to work at these. These are the vestments the priest wears at the altar in our churches for the celebration of Holy Mass."

"The Mass is the sacrifice of the Cross renewed," explained Miss Brooks eagerly; "and the priest wears these vestments to remind us more clearly of the holiness of the act he performs and of the person of Christ whom He represents at the altar. Of course, they are richer than those our Lord wore,—but that is because nothing is so precious as His precious Blood, and nothing as bright as the glory He enjoys now and prepares for us in heaven. Even His wounds are glorious now!"

"I don't quite understand, I admit," said Miss McQuade. But she caught the words Christ and the Cross, and they filled her with a reverential awe. "But I'll help along if you show me how. And perhaps later on I'll learn more about these things."

And later on she did; in fact she learned very fast. She went to Mass from time to time with her new companions, and to her, unused to such religious experiences, it soon became a source of great pleasure. She asked a great many questions, too, and in a short while, joined Miss Martin at her nightly rosary. In this way she picked up all the teaching of our Holy Faith in a brief space of time. Apart from the great reverence she showed for everything Catholic, it seemed to have no particular influence upon her.

* * * *

There came a sudden change in the little circle. Miss McQuade took sick during the cold December days, and before she would give in that she was unwell, her illness was quite serious.

"I am sorry," she apologized to Miss Martin, "I'll simply be a burden to you on account of this illness."

"Burden nothing!" answered the other, with a cheery emphasis. "You just stay in bed as long as you are sick! I'll take care of you." And she proved to be a really wonderful nurse. Still despite all her care and the doctor's attention the girl grew thinner and thinner and paler and paler. By the time Saturday came, the doctor advised the Hospital as the last resource. "There is a fighting chance," he said; "but no more."

"The Hospital!" exclaimed the sufferer from her bed.

"Why, child," answered Miss Martin tenderly, "you're not afraid, are you?"

"Oh no!" replied the other; "but the expense!"

"The expense!" laughed Miss Martin. "Don't you know that I am a millionairess?" Miss McQuade could not help laughing; but through her laughter tears broke out of her eyes and glistened on her pallid cheeks. She was brought to the Hospital. Every member of the club wanted to do the paying, for Miss McQuade had endeared herself to all. Miss Martin however claimed first right.

"Whose boss here?" she asked once more. And that settled that!

"Just one question, please," said the sick girl, before they left the Hospital that Saturday night. "Is this a Catholic Hospital?"

"Sister," cried Miss Brooks, turning to see the sister who had just entered the room, "Miss McQuade wants to know whether you are Catholic!" It almost seemed as though the patient blushed at the words.

"No, that isn't what I asked!" she protested smilingly. "But I know now where I am. But you had better go to confession!" she added, raising a warning finger at Miss Brooks.

"Ouch!" exclaimed that irrepressible one; "well, that's where we are just going, and our Mass and Communion will be for you to-morrow."

"Thanks, really!" said the patient warmly. "Goodbye! You have been too good to me!" They were gone. Miss McQuade was alone with the Sister. And of a sudden the grace which had been working so quietly all this time seemed to break through the surface.

"Sister," she said, "is there a priest here? I would like to become a Catholic, and share in the Mass and Communion and come so near to God!"

The priest came. Finding her well instructed and seeing that there was very little time to be lost, he absolved and baptized her and then began to give her some instruction on Holy Communion. To his surprise she was entirely familiar with it.

"To-morrow," he reminded her on leaving, "you'll receive."

"Would you do me one favor," she asked the doctor. "Will you call Miss Martin, and will you ask her to come to my first Holy Communion?"

She did come and so did the other girls of the circle; they came in utter surprise. And they brought with them the corporal and burse on which Miss McQuade had been working when she took sick, and the stole she had finished shortly before, so that the priest might use them at her first Communion. As the priest came into her room, her eyes fell upon the sacred vestments and she recognized them at once. She fingered the stole reverently and smiled. Then with deepest devotion she received Holy Communion. That very day she died.

"What a happy death!" said the girls one to another.

"There's your miracle, Miss Brooks!" exclaimed Miss Heer, as all felt that they had seen virtue go out from our Lord.

"Yes, really," mused she, "it was the hem of His garment!" and for once she was serious.

There is no doubt about it, if Catholics half lived up to the holiness of their religion, very many outside the Church could not hold out against conversion.—*Father Scott.*

Investment and Dividend

BLISTERS HAVE THEIR ADVANTAGES

JOHN W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

A turquoise sky, flecked with a few straggling patches of ethereal gauze; the freshness of morning in the air, and the early sun flashing the surface of Lake Orion into a sheet of molten silver. An outline of clearcut shoreline, broken by stretches of woods sheltering the tents of a few scattered campers and long rolling waves of lawn surrounding summer cottages; lazy yachts and launches sleeping at their moorings; an occasional disciple of Isaac Walton dozing over his cluster of bamboo poles;—the opening of an auspicious Sunday in July. The girl on the dock looked anxiously toward the boathouse.

"Hurry, Bob!" she called to a figure, struggling with a pair of oars under one arm, and with his coat and hat in the other.

"Coming, Evelyn;—I've had an awful time with these bloomin' flagstaffs! But we've got two hours at least, and only two miles to row. Plenty of time!" Handing her the coat and hat, he jumped into the skiff tied to the pierhead,—almost upsetting it.

"Wait till you try it, Bob. You say you never rowed before?"

"Oh, I've handled the oars a few times,—a good while ago. That doesn't mean much, but I guess I can manage." He placed the oars, and held onto the dock while she entered. The boat cleared the dock without mishap and headed toward the town at the end of the lake.

"Old Frizzles might have taken us over in his launch, don't you think?" he grunted, as he pulled the blades jerkily through the water.

"You mean Mr. Winton? I do think—not!" Her light girlish laughter awoke the echoes of the lake. "Please do keep in the course or we shall never get there in time for Mass." The masculine object blushed,—a beautiful crimson—as he looked around and found they had almost completed a circle. He worked furiously to right matters, a "crab" resulting from his efforts.

"Ari-zona Sassafras," he spluttered, picking himself up from the bottom of the boat. He saw his fair partner wiping the spray from her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Take it easy, Bob; you'll get the knack soon. You work and I'll

talk." Evelyn Wallace could smile winsomely, and her knight errant fell a captive.

"I've been trying to figure out something, Bob. Last night, when you announced that you were going to Mass this morning, and I answered and said I would go with you,—I had to, you know, because I had promised mother,—

"Same here,—" from between the oarlocks.

"Well, there was quite a buzz of comment among the other guests; and I know bets were made that we would never do it. And old Mr. Winton himself has heavy odds against us. I know because I was the only one to oppose him. Then there was a certain woman, a friend of Mrs. Winton,—you remember, that pale, heavy set woman in white? She is a Catholic, or should be, for her maiden name was Ryan; her husband is a Mason, 30 degrees in the shade or something."

"A harp with a square and compass," grunted Bob to the groaning accompaniment of the oarlocks, "they don't rhyme."

"Well, Mr. Winton asked her if she were going, too."

"Good Lord!" He let the oars drag for a minute while he looked at the blisters forming on his hands.

"Don't let it worry you; she laughed at the suggestion; said something about vacation being vacation,—and she was not going to let such trifles worry her. Mr. Winton said nothing, and the subject was dropped."

The pace was good, and Bob felt more at ease. In reasonable time houses in town appeared plainly through the trees. He was glad he had not yielded to temptation and remained at the cottage. His partner hummed a few strains from a popular melody; then suddenly laughed heartily.

"What's the comedy this time?" He looked at the oar blades anxiously.

"I was just thinking,—they are probably getting up now. We gave those heathens something to think and talk about. You'll have a full grandstand to watch your gallant return."

"Not if I can charter a launch,—*be-lieve me!*" The skiff lurched to one side, and he noticed that the lake was now covered with little, foam-topped waves, with excellent promise of becoming rougher. He heaved a sigh of relief as he beached the boat and assisted Evelyn to alight.

As they neared the church, they were surprised to find one solitary automobile standing in the road. A few groups were chatting on the lawn in front of the little edifice.

"We're in luck," remarked Bob. "Mass is a long time off, judging by the appearance of things."

"Come on then," Evelyn answered, quickening her pace, "let's hurry and get a good seat."

They entered the church and found it still empty; but did not think that strange as they knew that many people had the habit of remaining outside till almost the beginning of Mass. They marched up the aisle and took a pew well up in front. The priest, who was working about the altar, turned as he heard them enter, and then made his way toward them.

"What are you doing here at this time of the morning?" he inquired a trifle severely.

"This time! Why we've come to hear Mass." Bob, tired out from rowing, was peeved.

"I'm sorry I did not know your hour for rising, or I would have accommodated you. That's the way with you people; there was a steady procession of summer resorters entering this church from the Offertory till the *Ite Missa Est*,—and you form the distinguished rear-guard."

Bob jumped to his feet, and held out the palms of his hands. "See these, Father? We left the house at 5:30 and rowed three miles to get here on time!". Seizing his hat, he genuflected and walked out. On the door-step he turned to wait for Evelyn and found her walking out leisurely with the priest. She was whispering something and the priest was smiling.

As they neared him, Bob saw the priest hold out his hand. He seized it in a hearty handclasp. "Young man," remarked the priest, "I certainly do admire you. I wish the rest of my summer parishioners had your grit. I am on my way to Fenton, a village ten miles away from here, where I shall say Mass in an hour from now. But I notice that all the cars are gone but the one that is to take me; and that I know is more than filled to its capacity with the farmer's family. Now, if you wish, I can procure a launch for your return."

Bob looked at the priest, opened his mouth as though to answer; then, as though by afterthought, looked at Evelyn.

"What was that bet you made?" The priest was mystified.

"Why, I bet that you would go to Mass if you had to row the entire distance." Bob surveyed his hands ruefully. Then with a grin, "Thank you Father, very much; but I like the exercise. We'll row!"

Afterwards, as they were about to re-embark, Bob was seized with another bright idea. "Say, Evelyn, your're going to win that bet, only for one thing; we failed to hear Mass after all."

"Well, suppose we go back to church and make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; then we can say we prayed in church; and that means about the same as hearing Mass as far as Mr. Winton is concerned."

"It doesn't look right," answered Bob, doubtfully,—"but let's go!"

"All right, then, if you want to row back, you can, and then I'll explain. If he is a good sport, I win anyhow."

The amateur oarsman made better time on the return; but there was little conversation. Only once, he remarked,—“Funny thing, Evelyn, when we made that visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I prayed for Mr. Winton.” And she answered simply, “And funnier still,—so did I.”

Her remarks were interrupted by a generous dash of spray from the flying oar of the tyro. She wiped the water from her eyes and discovered the pilot lying, heels in air, in the bottom of the skiff, which had now swung around and was rolling heavily in the trough of a wave. White caps had again appeared on the water, promising an interesting final lap to the journey. Bob regained his place sheepishly, dug the oars viciously into the water, and after strenuous work brought the boat back into its course. A brisk breeze was whipping up the water and there was no more conversation. With the blisters in his palms broken and his fingers stiffened to the shape of the oars, and with the muscles in his shoulders and arms crying out their objections to this unaccustomed labor, Bob had too much to think of to be able to converse. He shut his lips tight and pulled doggedly.

As they approached the landing, Evelyn could see the white dresses and the Palm Beach suits of the rest of the party, who had gathered on the upper story of the boat house to witness their return.

"Do your prettiest, Bob,—they're all waiting!" came the encouragement from the stern.

"Curious boobs!" was the sarcastic return, given without looking.

They landed without mishap amid cheers and laughter; but Evelyn slipped aside to watch their host's greeting. She saw Mr. Winton

shake Bob's hand, and noted an extra snap in the salutation; then she saw him turn Bob's hand over and over and look at it while he whistled with surprise. But all he said was, "Bob, I'm proud of you. I lost a bet, but I won a heap more; more than I can tell you." Before Bob could answer, the old man, casting a look of disdain at the group now gathered around Evelyn, walked off alone. He was thinking.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Winton, after searching all over the grounds, finally discovered Bob, sitting on the pier, nursing his blistered hands. Without a word, he dropped down beside him. It was a study in contrast, this picture of the two men; the younger, with hair ungreied and face unfurrowed, still minus the marks of life's combat; the other, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, rugged, determined; a man who had evidently fought his way up the ladder from its lowest rung, and gloried in the consciousness of success achieved.

"Bob!" began Mr. Winton, abruptly. "I am a business man,—have always been. When I put out big effort in a project, I look for big returns. And when I see big returns some other place, I investigate, expecting to find correspondingly big efforts.—I'd like to ask you some personal questions, if you do not object."

"Fire away, Mr. Winton." Bob was completely at sea.

"Well, I just called up Father Daly, the priest you met this morning. Although I am not a Catholic, we have always been the best of friends. A real man,—that priest! He told me that you were unable to hear Mass this morning, also that he offered you a launch for your return,—which offer was refused." He paused; Bob did not answer.

"If you did not wish his launch, why did you not call up for mine?"

"The simple reason is," answered Bob, coloring brightly, "that Miss Moore told me she had a bet with you,—and since she stuck with me so faithfully through all that miserable journey, I thought it only right to help her win that bet."

"Hm!—So it was for her, that you acquired those trophies?" pointing to the bandaged hands.

"Not altogether! We rowed over in order to hear Mass,—I never thought it would be such a hard job; and I rowed back to win that bet and—"

"Well?"

"To show the rest of those birds that I could do it."

The old man chuckled. "You showed them all right." There was silence for a few minutes with Bob whiling away the time wondering what was next. It came abruptly. "Yes, when I see big results, I look up the cause and try to make use of it. There is so much damnable selfishness in the world, that whenever I see genuine sacrifices made, I call them big results with a capital R." He jumped to his feet spryly,—and hailed a party of guests who were passing. "Miss Moore, please, will you come here a moment?"

Evelyn left the group and came over.

"I want you to witness this bargain. I have heard a great deal about the fidelity of Catholics to their Sunday worship, and I thought it bosh. I watched you two with interest,—a business interest.—To-morrow Father Daly and I are going to have a little chat. And next Sunday, I intend to have this same crowd here,—it will do them good. You gave them a jolt this morning; but wait till Sunday. I I'm going to Mass with you—and we'll use the launch." Then thoughtfully, "This matter of becoming a Catholic,"—Bob and Evelyn looked at each other in astonishment,—“is a big investment for me,—but I expect big results.”

FAITHFUL PRAYER

The Sisters in one of our schools for the colored in the South, send the following:

"One of our children, who was a non-Catholic and had attended our school for about two years, left the city to go to her new home in the South with her grandmother, as both her father and mother were dead. Shortly after she left the city we were informed that little Mildred had passed from this life, after a short illness.

"Her grandmother was greatly edified with the patience of the child, especially as the poor little one seemed to be racked with pain most of the time, but never a word of complaint escaped her lips. Frequently, and particularly on the last day of her life, she was heard repeating over and over again some little ejaculations which she had learned at school. Her death was most edifying, and, although she had not had the happiness of receiving Baptism of Water, we feel sure that she was saved by Baptism of Desire. Under her pillow, after Mildred's death, were found slips of paper on which she had written many little prayers, taught by the Sisters."

The Paths of Light

BISHOP ALFRED A. CURTIS, D. D.: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

"What a blessing to the priests and people of this diocese (Wilmington) have been the sanity and sanctity of their late father in God! It is not so much the written word of God, as it is the walking and working Word of God in a man's life, that keeps virtue alive in the world, makes the Church attractive to those outside the fold, and increases the piety and devotion of the faithful. The life of Bishop Curtis was an open Bible, illustrated with the deeds of the Saints, and illumined with the inspiring and inspired Word of God. His practise of the Gospel precepts drew many souls after him in the narrow and rugged way that leads to Eternal Life, and his memory will continue to be a benediction on this land of his birth and burial."

These words, taken from the funeral oration pronounced upon Alfred A. Curtis, the second Catholic Bishop of Wilmington, at his death in 1908, summarize his career. And once upon a time he was an esteemed member of the ministry in the Episcopalian Church. What was his way to Rome?

We will not tarry long over his childhood days, spent in a home whose atmosphere was entirely Episcopalian. Alfred Curtis was eighteen years old when his father died. To support the home Alfred taught for a while in an Academy in the town of Princess Anne, Maryland. While at this work, he got the idea to prepare for the ministry, and having passed his examination to the satisfaction of the convention of the Episcopalian ministers, he was accepted.

THE EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER

In 1849 he was licensed to conduct church services in his home town and the neighboring district. In 1850 he was made a deacon and in 1859 he received orders according to the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His first appointment after that was to St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, as assistant to Dr. Rankin. Next he was transferred to Frederick, and later to Chestertown in Maryland. In 1862 the young minister was elected to the Rectorship of Mt. Calvary Episcopal Church in Baltimore, where he became, for nine years, the guide of a very select congregation.

Here he took his first steps on the road to Rome, though he had not the least inkling that his feet were set in that direction. He was merely seeking the primitive Church,—the Church as it came from Christ. He set himself to study the Bible, and in order to do it the more thoroughly, took up a most scrupulous study of Hebrew with the aid of a learned Jewish Rabbi. He also devoted much time to the reading of the Fathers,—especially Saints Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, Origen and Clement of Alexandria. Very soon he was Catholic in all his beliefs. In fact he now bought a Roman Breviary and began to say the Office like a Catholic priest; he called his service "Mass", and said the usual prayers of preparation and thanksgiving assigned for the priest. In a word, he considered himself a priest.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

One day two gentlemen entered his church and asked him whether he was a priest.

"Yes," answered Curtis; whereupon the men proceeded to pray as if they were in a Catholic Church. The sight of this, however, roused qualms of conscience in the young minister, and going up to the men, he said:

"I thought myself a priest, but I am not; you will find the Catholic Church three squares from here."

Meanwhile he prayed a great deal and led a very ascetical life, fasting often for whole days. Naturally his catholicizing soon became obnoxious to some of his congregation and he was reported to the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, Rt. Rev. W. Rollinson Whittingham.

THE CRISIS

The crisis came when Bishop Whittingham that same year issued a Pastoral Charge regarding the Holy Eucharist, in which he, as Alfred Curtis understood him, denied the Real Presence and condemned adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. This was so contrary to all that Curtis had learned from the Fathers to consider as Catholic doctrine, that he felt obliged at once to resign his rectorship. He wrote to the Bishop.

"I have at last determined," he says, "to resign my Rectorship at once, and to vacate it at the end of the year. Strict consistency demands, no doubt, that I should immediately close my mouth, but I desire to finish the ninth year of my Rectorship, and I desire also to give the vestry some time in which to procure another Rector."

He then clearly states his position. "For a little while I can be silent, but the statements of the Pastoral as to the Holy Eucharist I dare not even try to accept. I could turn back and become in body and soul twenty years younger, as soon as I could cease to believe that my Master is in the Eucharist, and presented to me under the form of bread and wine that I may adore as well as eat and drink Him. If it is not the truth that the very human and divine Christ is Himself first offered for the living and dead in the Holy Eucharist, and there put according to His whole living person into my very hands, to be then and there adored and endowed with all that I am and possess perpetually—there is no truth for me, at least no truth I greatly care to know."

The doctrine of the Real Presence is so often the stumbling block for those coming into the Church; it seems to have been the very thing that brought Alfred Curtis to it. Another thing to be noted about this letter is the fact that there is no bitterness in it.

"One more thing does remain," he writes, "namely, to thank you with all my heart for the truly fatherly forbearance and affection which you have ever shown towards me. I shall never forget them, nor ever cease in return, to pray for you and yours."

DODGING THE ISSUE

The Bishop's reply is interesting. He tells Curtis that he sees no reason for his abandoning the Episcopalian ministry by allowing, though most vaguely, that the Pastoral letter did not necessarily deny the doctrine of Real Presence, but only the inferential doctrine, as he called it, of adoration of Christ really present. It moreover manifested a certain amount of bitterness at Mr. Curtis' decision. The Bishop writes:

"Surely never did a Christian priest contemplate the abandonment of the exercise of his high office with less apparent cogency of reason! Had the Pastoral taught a doctrine of the Eucharist contrary to that which you state to be the ground of your own inner life and of all your teaching, it would indeed have been incumbent on you to do one of two things—either cease your work, or enter on a serious and thorough re-examination of your own views, to see if it might not be possible, that one presbyter was in error and nearly fifty of his superiors right."

"Your objection," he continues, "is to a condemnation of a practical

inference from that doctrine (the Eucharist). You choose to infer from it, that your Master presents Himself in His blessed Sacrament to you under the form of bread and wine to be adored; and having made that inference you speak of being intensely opposed, down to the very root of your nature, to the authoritative document which takes a different view—not of doctrine, but of resultant privilege and duty.”

Evidently the Bishop’s position is more in need of proof than the presbyter’s, and is far less clearly and definitely stated. Continuing, the Bishop adopts the Catholic position of authority distinct from the Bible, interpreting it infallibly. He says:

“What I demand of you is Our Lord’s authority for inferring from His gift of Himself to you, that He makes it to be adored in it, and holding that inference against fifty of those whom He has set over you in His name, with such temerity, as rather to offend His little ones by throwing up His commission to work among them for His sake, than give up your own individual convictions and cease your own individual innovations, in the public doctrine and worship of the church in which you are a minister.”

In a word, he challenges Mr. Curtis to prove his position.

COMING TO THE POINT

In reply, Alfred Curtis expresses his surprise at the Bishop’s apparent admission that the doctrine of the Real Presence is taught in the Pastoral. That it must have been expressed most vaguely and ambiguously is very clear from Curtis’ words:

“I must confess your interpretation of the Pastoral was a great surprise to me. Indeed it more than surprised, it bewildered me. I read and must confess I still read the Pastoral as condemning not only eucharistical adoration, but such a Presence of the Master in the Sacrament as ‘allows’ such adoration. And it was the suppressing both adoration and the Presence * * * which disturbed me so very much, and threw me into a state which rendered me, as I said, totally unfit to retain the care of souls in this communion. It never for a moment came to me that the Bishops could mean to tolerate such a Presence as I held, while condemning to me its entirely inevitable consequent or rather accompaniment.”

Nor does he in the least bind the Bishop’s challenge; he takes up the gauntlet. We cannot help admiring the soundness of his reasoning.

"I cannot at all see how Christ can be received as Christ without adoration. To say that He is present but is not to be adored, is to me only a certain way of saying that He is not veritably present at all. To say that I receive Him into my hands without the most prostrate adoration, is to my mind just the same as to say that I receive something which is called Christ but in fact is not Christ."

As for the Master's warrant for adoration of the Sacrament,—he finds it, not in express words of Christ, but in their implications as drawn forth and acted upon by the Primitive Church.

"Of course," he writes, "I can produce no explicit command of the Master calling upon us to adore His eucharistical Presence, nor can I find in Holy Writ any precise dogmatical statement of any use of the Articles of Faith. My whole faith as formalized into dogmas is simply what the Church under guidance of the Holy Spirit has deduced from the statements of Holy Writ."

Then he enumerates some doctrines held by Episcopalians, which are deduced from statements of Holy Writ, and concludes with a view to the Bishop's assertion that he was setting his individual judgment against that of fifty Bishops of the Episcopal Convention:

"In favor of a deduction of my own, I would not presume to set myself against even one Bishop, and still less against fifty, and one of them yourself. But because the Bishops to me seem to disallow a deduction which the Church has pronounced inevitable, therefore it is that I presume to differ from them. Certainly all my reading from antiquity as well as my understanding of the Church's loving will, is to the effect that adoration is, and ever has been rendered to the Lord's Eucharistical Presence. It is then as submitting to the Church, and not as presuming upon my own individual logic."

MISSING THE POINT

In his response to this, Bishop Whittingham hastened to declare his pure Protestantism.

"I had no intention to be understood to accept all the particulars of your statement of your own doctrine of the Presence. Most certainly I do not admit that you are right in holding the belief of a Presence capable of being put into the hands or designed to be adored in the visible elements."

What kind of a Presence did he believe in then? Surely Mr. Curtis

was precise and clear; this presence of the Bishop's, most vague and elusive,—neither fish nor fowl. And Mr. Curtis was perfectly right in asking: "What then does the Bishop mean?"

Moreover, he seemed, wittingly or unwittingly I know not, but somehow, to miss the logic of Mr. Curtis, when he writes:

"I must say frankly that your present position is much less to my mind than before. You seem to me coolly to assume infallibilities and absolute independence in the exercise of your Pastoral functions, and to claim for your own individual, ministerial actions the functions of a General Council, in asserting doctrinal inferences and liturgic usages. If on deliberation you shall find the teaching of the Episcopate of the Catholic Church (he means the Episcopalian Church as a branch of the Catholic Church) in which you minister, capable of accommodation to your own decision on points of inferential doctrine and ritual, you will accept it; if not, not. Is that the proper relation of a presbyter to the church in which he ministers?"

In a church that is founded upon the rejection of authority, certainly. And if the good Bishop had applied his criterion to Henry VIII, or Cranmer, or to anyone they choose to call the founder of their branch (cut off, indeed) of the Church, where would the Bishop stand? He would wipe out at one blow the whole Reformation and its progeny of three hundred and more isms with it. Could the Bishop have missed Mr. Curtis' point more completely?

Perhaps he realized that he was fighting a losing battle; wherefore he concludes with a warning:

"You are in a dangerous path."

Boys and girls, consider! Recently one of our Bishops declared that he needed three hundred more sisters and brothers in order to supply teachers for all the Catholic children of his diocese. Every order of nuns as well as brothers is calling for vocations. From foreign lands the souls of men, women and children, are calling out to America for someone to bring to them the light of our holy faith.

Immense is the field for zeal, courage and sacrifice,—for real love. Are you called? Say a daily prayer to the Holy Ghost to find out whether you too may not be wanted for the valiant army that is doing God's work.

The Circle of Red

CHAPTER I: BUSTER BREAKS IN

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

At Forty Second St. and Broadway you may expect all sorts of things to happen to you. Nevertheless what happened to Buster Ryan was unexpected even by the vast throng hurrying from the Brooklyn Express in the Seventh Avenue Subway to the Loop Train which would bear them to Grand Central Station. The uptown Express had discharged its load of passengers and the loop train was just pulling in, when a short distance in front of the train a form was seen to drop to the tracks. Dazedly the man struggled to his feet. Women screamed and men covered their faces—for it seemed that the grinding wheels must crush the man beneath the foremost car. Then, quick as a flash, a gray-clad guard leaped to the tracks from the platform—lifted the form of the dazed man to safety and leaped upward beyond the reach of the train himself just as the car grazed his ankles and hurled him aside.

"Another fool saved from a spectacular suicide," was the comment of the policeman who hurried to the scene.

The guard did not tarry to express felicitations but ran swiftly towards an uptown local. The doors slammed in his face and the train sped away.

Meanwhile, with no gentle hand, the policeman grasped the collar of the man who had been rescued, and began pushing him through the crowd towards the stairway that let to the street.

"Tell it to the Judge," said the Officer. "There ain't no law against suicide in this State at present, but I guess we can book you on a disorderly conduct charge."

He half pushed, half dragged his prisoner through the crowd, who looked but for a moment and then resumed its hurried rush for trains.

The officer mounted the stairway, and at the head of the stairs he and his quarry were met by the guard who had saved the prisoner's life. The officer turned from his prisoner long enough to congratulate the guard on his lucky escape.

"'Twas a bold thing you did, Tom," said he, "but sure only Irish luck saved ye. But bad cess to the like of this fellow. 'Twas a shame to risk yerself for him."

"Where are you taking him?" asked the guard.

"To the station house no less. I'm sick of these suicides an' a judge will sure give this laddy buck six months on the Island."

"Oh come now!" expostulated the guard, "he didn't jump—I saw him fall."

"It that so—you?" asked the policeman gruffly of his charge.

"Yes—" stammered the prisoner; that is, I don't know whether I fell or was pushed."

"You fell!" interjected the guard.

"Whats yer name, annyhow?" asked the policeman.

"Ryan—Jim Ryan," responded the prisoner.

"Why the divvle didn't ye say so at first?" asked the officer. "Bedad I thought ye was an Eyetalian or a Jew. Where did ye get the black color of ye?"

"Five years in the army—just got back from the Rhine," answered Ryan, shortly.

"Ye don't say so!" beamed the officer. "I had a bye in the service meself. His name's Halligan,—the same as me own. Run along wid ye now. An' don't take so much hootch nixt time ye come into the subway."

"Hootch nothing!" grinned the soldier. "I never touch it."

"That's what they all say," laughed the Officer. "But bedad they sure do punish it." And the Officer returned to his post.

"Buster," as he was known to his comrades, or "Jimmy," as he was known to his mother, proceeded on his way to the street. He was not even bruised by his accident, and so in a moment was whistling cheerily as he mounted to the upper level of the station. As he turned to enter the waiting room a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"What's the matter? Am I pinched again?" he grinned as he turned and beheld the man who had stopped him. It was the gray-clad guard or special policeman who had saved his life. "Oh say, old man—" ejaculated Buster, "you must think me a mutt for not thanking you. I sure do appreciate what you did for me; but in the excitement of my arrest I forgot all about you. Gee, I wish I could reward you fittingly for what you have done—but one dollar and forty cents is all the wealth I possess. Such a trifling sum is inadequate to pay for the preservation of such a valuable life."

"Forget it!" grinned the guard. "I wasn't thinking of reward

That is not the reason why I held you up. Did you fall or jump or were you pushed?"

"Pushed—surest think you know!" rasped Jimmy, an angry flush mantling his cheek. "I felt a hand in the middle of my back—then I got a good healthy shove and fell to the track. If it hadn't been for you—gosh, I hate to think of it."

"Are you working?" queried the guard.

"No such luck!" said Buster. "I've been back three months from the Rhine—and nobody wants an ex-service man."

"Well," said the guard, "my name's Kane. Meet me at the Pennsylvania Station in an hour. I'll be off duty then. I want to talk to you. Perhaps I have work for you to do. Will you be there?"

"Will I? I sure will!" exclaimed Ryan, "Work is my middle name. I'll do anything short of committing murder to earn a living."

"You may have to kill a couple of men—but it won't be murder," said the guard earnestly. "But I must not be seen talking to you. See you later." And he turned and was gone in the crowd before Ryan had time to say more.

"A job at last!" ruminated Ryan as he walked along the runway and emerged 'mid the thronging thousands on Forty Second St. "Wonder what he wants me to do? Oh well, I should worry." And he turned towards Broadway.

As he swung along more than one of the crowd hurrying by turned to look at him. Six feet two of manhood tanned by exposure, lithe and active as a trained athlete, his red head and sunny smile marked him of Celtic descent. Carefree and heartfree was he—one of those products of New York which turn out to be either good citizens and a credit to society, or daring criminals and the dread of the police. Orphaned at the age of six by a tenement fire which caught the family sleeping and spared him alone, thanks to the efforts of a fireman who had found him groping for a fire-escape and carried him to the street,—he had been turned over to the tender mercies of an uncle who had conducted a saloon on the lower East Side long before the Volstead Act had been conceived. The uncle was his own best customer and when Jimmy was fifteen his whilom guardian had passed from life in the alcoholic ward at Bellevue. While his uncle lived Jimmy had wanted for nothing. With clumsy affection the saloon-keeper had seen to it that the boy was sent to the parochial school,

that he lived up to his religious duties. He was proud of the boy, who seemed to love books and had astonished his uncle with his progress in "the learning." He was in the second year of High School when his uncle died, but a reading of works picked up at random in the second-hand book store where he worked after school and Saturdays had given Jimmy a flow of language unusual in his neighborhood and which earned him the soubriquet of Professor.

His uncle had asked his better half, who happened to be the third result of his matrimonial adventures, to look after Jimmy,—but that worthy lady was anxious only for herself. So she sold the saloon,—handed Jimmy a hundred dollars and vanished to parts unknown, without even the formality of leave taking. Jimmy wasted no time in idle tears. He invested his hundred dollars in the rights to a news stand, rented a back room on Avenue A and hustled for a living. He did well. The news stand, after two years, yielded to a little second hand book store and the dream of Jimmy's earlier years was accomplished. He was proprietor of his own shop on Fourteenth Street, and he was only seventeen years old. In the second hand book business in New York City "Westward the course of progress takes its way." Jimmy had gotten as far West as Sixth Avenue when the war broke out. Then, as Jimmy said, "you couldn't keep him out of it." He enlisted,—turned over his business to an associate with the proviso he was to receive half the profits, and sailed for France with the First Division. He was hardly out of sight of the Statue of Liberty when his partner sold the entire stock to a rival dealer and left for parts unknown to avoid the draft. Jimmy, on his arrival in France, was assigned to care for the horses attached to his artillery division. He hated his task so thoroughly and made his dislike known so emphatically that his comrades nicknamed him in jest the "Bronco Buster", which soon was abbreviated to "Buster",—a name which clung to him so tenaciously that he had almost forgotten his real name. On the return of the First Division Jimmy had lingered in the U. S. A. only long enough to read piously his name engraved on the roll of "Our Heroes" in his parish church and had re-enlisted "to have a chance to learn German more thoroughly," he said, but, in reality, to look up a certain flaxen-haired fraulein in Coblenz, in whom he had been more interested than he knew while the A. E. F. was on the Rhine. On his return with the Army of Occupation he found his fraulein

married to the son of the burgomaster. He served three years in Germany, acquired a real German accent and a liking for rathskeller food and returned to New York to find no work awaiting him.

So we have followed Buster Ryan in his checkered career, and we may as well follow him a step further. After leaving Grand Central Station Jimmy walked West as far as Broadway. Then he turned uptown till he came to Forty Sixth Street. Here we may remark for the benefit of the uninitiated into the mysteries of New York, that the West Forties, bounded by Forty Fourth Street on the South, Forty Eighth Street on the North,—Sixth Avenue on the East, and Eighth Avenue on the West, are the "grazing grounds" of the theatrical profession. Theatrical folk are as whimsical in their taking of food as they are temperamental in their other actions. Hence their restaurants are varied in their character. You may take your choice in the "roaring Forties"—American cafes,—one-armed lunch rooms,—Hungarian,—German,—Italian,—French and Bohemian restaurants, all are there—crowded in close proximity to each other on the north side of the streets,—on the north side because the south side is reserved by tradition to tea rooms and "studios". Jimmy chose a place on Forty Sixth St., called the Blue—well, we had better call it the Blue Partridge,—just to disguise its name,—though the disguise is as thin as the partition between the bar and the "ladies dining room". It is a good place to eat and the rates are reasonable,—they have to be to fit the pocketbooks of the greater portion of its customers. However, great lights as well as lesser luminaries often cross its threshold and rumor has it that many a plot has been brewed over the steins in the Blue Partridge.

Buster Ryan entered the restaurant with the nonchalance of an habitué. He ordered one of the steaks which are the pride of the management. It was flanked with German fried potatoes, a generous portion indeed, and huge slices of rye bread formed a minor accompaniment. A stein of the beer, which prohibition agents had frequently found too near ancient standards, served him as a beverage. Yet when he had dined to satiety his check was only ninety cents. A ten cent tip to the waiter was received with unfeigned thanks.

Buster made his way to the street and cutting across to Seventh Avenue trod that thoroughfare with satisfied step till he reached the Pennsylvania Terminal, which reared its stately columns like some

Acropolis of old. Within the entry he found the man who had asked him to meet him there. Without a word his guide, by a gesture, bade him follow him. He crossed the street and, entering an elevator in the Pennsylvania Hotel, was rapidly whisked with his companion to the fifteenth floor. All this time the man, who still wore the uniform of a subway guard, had not uttered a single word. The man in gray peered cautiously up and down the corridor,—took a key from his pocket and opened a door. He motioned Buster into the room ahead of him, followed and locked the door quietly. Then he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank Goodness, that's over!" he murmured.

"Hey,—why the mysterious stuff?" inquired Buster curiously.

His guide and rescuer simply smiled. "Excuse me a moment till I change my clothes," he said, tossing the lad a paper. "Read about your attempted suicide till I join you. Then we can talk."

Though his rescue had taken place but a short time before Buster found a full, if somewhat lurid, account of the incident of the subway in the sporting edition of the paper his friend had handed him. He found to his surprise that he had been badly intoxicated and had fought with his rescuer on the track of the subway. However, the main details were lacking and few facts were given, though a scare-head an inch high proclaimed "INTOXICATED SOLDIER LEAPS IN PATH OF SUBWAY EXPRESS". He laughed aloud. "Such is news—as she is wrote!" he chuckled.

"Not nervous, eh?" queried the voice of his friend. Buster looked up and gasped. The uniform of the subway guard had given place to a neatly fitting suit of evening clothes. "Why the glad rags?" asked Buster. "Do subway guards always blossom out in evening dress after hours?"

"If you will stop asking questions for a minute," said his guide, "I'll come down to brass tacks."

"Go to it!" said Buster quickly. "I'm dying of curiosity."

"Smoke?" inquired the man who had called himself Kane, tendering a box of cigars.

"Sure!" said Ryan, taking one of the weeds. "Thanks!" tendering it to his companion,—who puffed contentedly, "I thought an experienced bookseller like you would have learned by this time not to judge a book by its cover."

"What do you mean?" asked Jimmy surprisedly. "How did you know I used to be a bookseller?"

"Saw you on Sixth Avenue often in the old days," laughed his companion. "I was a patrolman then."

"Oh, so you're a cop!" said Ryan.

"Not exactly," said Kane with a smile, sinking into an easy chair. "Look at this." And he passed Buster a badge which he took from his vest pocket.

"D. B. 14," read Jimmy. "Oh, detective bureau! I see."

"Well," asked his friend, "do you think you are arrested?"

"Not much!" smiled Ryan. "But you didn't bring me here for nothing. What do you want?"

"Do you know why you were pushed onto the track this afternoon?" inquired his companion.

"So I was pushed, eh?" said Buster. "I'm not good at guessing. Who did it, and why?"

"Oh, case of mistaken identity, that's all," said the detective quietly. "I was wearing a uniform like yours yesterday."

"Eh!" ejaculated Buster. "So they wanted you? Well we are about the same build."

"Righto!" said his companion, "But I got them."

"How?" said Jimmy. "I saw no prisoners."

"No, but a pal of mine in the train they took arrested them."

"Say, they must be some big crooks to have so many bulls on their trail!" ejaculated Ryan.

"Not at all," said Kane. "In fact, they're rather small potatoes. The big game,—the men higher up,—you are supposed to get."

"Me?" exclaimed Buster. "Why I'm not even a cop!"

"But you will be shortly," replied Kane, "that is, if you are interested in the welfare of the U. S. A."

"I sure am interested," said Ryan. "But what's it all about?"

"In a nutshell the situation is this," said Kane. "Either you and I will arrest a dozen men within a week and get certain papers or there'll be another war."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jimmy. "This is good. Lead me to it."

"The war will be right here at home," continued Kane.

"Bolsheviki!" surmised Ryan aloud.

"Right the first guess," replied Kane. "Young man, this city, in

fact this country, is being hemmed in by a circle of red, and unless you and I break it—well—” he paused.

“Circle of Red or no circle of Red, I’m for Red white and blue—” said Ryan enthusiastically.

“Then, before the night is done—your life will be in peril,” said Kane. “Are you game?”

“Game’s my middle name—” began Jimmy. He was interrupted by Kane, who sprang to the door,—drawing a revolver as he turned the key. He leaped forward. His automatic flashed and down the corridor towards the elevator he and Ryan sprang in pursuit of a flying figure dimly seen in the darkness of the hall wherein the lights had been switched off.

WHAT PRAYER CAN DO

Over nineteen years ago a poor Hungarian in Pennsylvania was falsely accused of murdering a fellow-man; he was convicted and sent to prison for life. And now it turns out that he was not guilty at all. A countryman of his in far off Hungary, tortured in conscience, has confessed that he gave false evidence against the accused man. Conscious of his innocence, separated from wife and children, deprived of his liberty, disgraced and leaving a black shadow on his little ones, his long imprisonment nearly crazed the poor fellow.

And how did he endure it all? What upheld him during these weary years? Where did he find a ray of light to brighten the gloom? What prevented him from steeping his soul in the bitterness of revenge? It was his religion. He was a Catholic. His faith was simple and sincere. He believed in God, in Christ the Son of God, in Mary the Mother of God, in God’s Church and the Sacraments.

He tells us that only for his rosary he would have gone crazy. He said the beads over and over again, and it brought solace to his heart. As he fondled his beads, the poor Hungarian said:

“These kept me from going insane. I prayed every day to God and His Blessed Mother to make the truth known.”

And how religion had softened and moulded his heart! There is no desire for revenge; there is no feeling against those who sent him to those cruel years of imprisonment. “Do you feel angry towards the man who accused you falsely?” he was asked. “No, I do not,” he replied, “there is One above us Who sees that justice is done.”

Catholic Anecdotes

A SERMON

A bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor passing him laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported it appeared. "Jimmy," was lame, and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad? Or of getting things if there was nobody to divide it with?"

"Fourteenth Street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy jumped out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular: I've heard many a poorer sermon than that."

—*The Catholic Knight.*

THE PROFESSOR'S REPLY

The late Godefroid Kurth, President of the Belgian Historical Society, and one of the greatest historians of modern times, was taken to task by the Socialist paper *The People*, for dating the preface of his latest book thus: "March 19, the Feast of St. Joseph". The great

historian wrote a letter in reply, which he asked the paper to publish, as it had published the attack on him. It read:

"Dear Editor:

You are indignant because the preface of my latest book is dated the Feast of St. Joseph. 'It is simply idiotic, etc.', you said. Well, Sir, if there were on the staff of *The People* any honest workman, he would have understood how reasonable this homage to the carpenter of Nazareth is. He would have understood that if there is any veneration that merits to be spoken of with respect by a paper that pretends to be for the people, it is veneration for this poor workingman. What has the foster-father of Jesus Christ done to you that you cannot bear to have anyone show him such a mark of honor?

"For, despite your displeasure, I am glad to proclaim in your paper that I love and venerate him above all the great men of history. It is he who, in the sweat of his brow, earned the bread which Jesus ate in His childhood. It is he who watched over the home that sheltered Mary and her divine Child. He toiled for them, he cared for them, he suffered with them. With the Mother and the Son he formed in the workshop of Nazareth that family which will serve for all times as the model of all families. Then, his task in life being completed, he laid aside the busy tools, and passed from this world, humble and gentle as he had lived in it, confident of the imperishable glory reserved for him in the gratitude of generations.

In him I see the model of all Christian workingmen. And in his solicitude for the Infant Jesus I find again the ancient devotion of the race of toilers to the God of the Gospel. I bless the name of St. Joseph, and I associate it in my veneration and love with the thrice blessed names of Jesus and Mary. And having finished my little book on his feast, it was a joy to me to place this modest work under his beloved patronage.

Yours truly,

Godefroid Kurth.

Heyt-sur-mer, the Feast of the Assumption, 1905."

No doubt the great man added this last line to give his critics another chance to bark.

"Prayer is nothing else than an intimate friendship, a frequent, affectionate, heart-to-heart intercourse with Him by whom we know ourselves to be loved."—*St. Teresa.*

Pointed Paragraphs

THEORY AND PRACTICE

No one, when speaking of the matter theoretically, fails to realize the need of Catholic reading. Our Bishops have repeatedly, in recent months especially, referred to it in clear admonitions. And yet, I believe, there is hardly any subject that is so discouraging for the zealous Catholic: everybody seems to believe it; but few seem actually to read.

A case in point may give us an idea of the situation. At one of our Universities some time ago, an attempt was made to find out the extent of Catholic reading done. What were the results?

Of 486 students who were asked: "How many Catholic books have you read in College?" more than half, 286, replied they had read none. Seventeen had read from 5 to 10; seventy-two had read less than five; and forty-four had read one. A little more than 50 were readers of Catholic monthly magazines.

If we might expect Catholic reading from anyone, it would be from our students. But the showing is not exactly inspiring. Still, in almost every home you will find a small family library. Are there no Catholic books in them? Or are the Catholic books left to gather dust on the shelves? Are there no Catholic books in the public libraries? People who know tell us they could be there for the asking.

Start this vacation. There is a list in our Good Books column. It is brief; but it will do for a beginning. If you desire a more complete list, send for Father Reville's "My Book Case", published by the American Press, New York, price 50c.

THOUGHTS FOR VACATION

The close of the school-year and the home-coming of boys and girls, brings to the minds of parents the old question: "What next?"

No doubt, they have already determined to give the children just as much of an education as they can—we all realize that a complete

education doubles the chances of youth for personal success as well as for doing something worth while for our holy Faith and religion.

If you are still hesitating between a Catholic high school or college and a public school, read the following declarations, made, not by priests or nuns, not by Catholic laymen or women, but by non-Catholics, who by their prominence are well fitted to observe and to judge.

Edward Bok said: "Fifty thousand pupils are killed yearly by the public schools, and double as many are injured more or less for life."

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who was acknowledged to be the best public school superintendent Chicago ever had, declared before the City Club: "The public school in America has not achieved its purpose. It has not trained the child's mind right."

Mr. R. G. Jones, superintendent of Cleveland schools, made some sad confessions before a federation of women. He said: "Immorality is the greatest menace of the public schools today; we are fast drifting towards free love in this country."

Following him came the announcement in Indiana papers that high school girls in the State were suddenly hied off to relatives on distant farms. And following this came the announcement in St. Louis, by the President of the Board of Police Commissioners, that "vice clubs" existed in the Soldan High School of that city.

It makes unpleasant reading. But it should make you see what school you should choose for your children.

MEN WHO DISLIKE CHILDREN

A last year's issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* brought the following story, which is well worth reading:

Not long ago the fiancée of a brilliant young lawyer came to her mother with an anxious face. "I have just discovered something about George," she abruptly began, "and it worries me very much."

As "George" was the daughter's future husband the mother naturally pricked up her ears.

"I have discovered," somberly continued the girl George loved, "that he doesn't like children. He calls them 'brats' and thinks they're a nuisance. And—oh, mother, you know how much I like them!"

The mother was a wise woman. She did not put off her daughter

with optimistic and bromidic comments about George's probable change of heart when his own children came. Instead she sent for George and had a long private talk with him.

The young man was frank and indifferent. He did not like children and he did not care who knew it. The wise woman of the world who had expected to be his mother-in-law quietly drew him out. He admitted that he hoped he and his wife would not have children, or at least would have none for a long time to come. He magnanimously added that if they did come he would "have to make the best of them." He was wholly unembarrassed as he discussed the subject. He seemed to think his viewpoint an ordinary one. But his companion's ultimatum at the end of the interview made him sit up with a jerk.

"George," she said slowly, "I am going to do my utmost to persuade Grace to break her engagement to you."

The young man could not believe he had heard right. He gasped and stammered. "On account of this nonsense about children?" he demanded.

"On account of this tragedy about children," said his companion. "My daughter is a born mother. She will want children and she will have them. If I can bring it about she shall also have a real father for them; for unless she has she will be a very unhappy woman."

The young man proceeded to reveal the real nature which he had hitherto concealed. He first argued and protested, then stormed and blustered. Later, seeing that Grace was deeply impressed by her mother's viewpoint, he tried to laugh off the whole matter as a tempest in a teapot. Last of all he settled down to pleadings, promises and lies. He had not realized, he explained, how strongly mother and daughter felt on the subject. He really was not so prejudiced as he had seemed. If he had children he was sure he would be fond of the little beggars in time. But he had betrayed himself too thoroughly. After weeks of strain and unhappiness for all three the engagement between Grace and George was broken off.

"You see," said the mother of Grace in her final summing up of the situation, "motherhood is as important to a normal woman as wifehood. In many instances it is more important, as we see by looking around us. A mother's joy in her children calls for partnership. She expects, indeed she demands, that their father's pride and delight in them will be as great as her own. The one thing she will

never forgive her husband is to fail these children. She will pardon affronts to herself, but not neglect or indifference toward them. I would rather have Grace grieve now for a year or two over her lost illusion than be unhappy all her life; and she would prefer this too."

The breaking off of the engagement was the wise move of a wise mother. Her experience made the other mothers in her circle turn more observant eyes on the would-be suitors of their daughters. All mothers would do well to follow their example. It is advisable that a young man to whom a girl trusts her future should be many things. He should be clean, honest, industrious, ambitious, dependable and loyal. But most of all—and this vital point is the one the average girl considers least—he should be an excellent potential father.

There was a mother who acted wisely. There was a girl who did not rush unthinkingly into marriage. We would only add, that "a potential father" is further, one who has religious and moral character enough to help in the education and rearing of the children brought into the world.

EVERYTHING COUNTS

"No victory is possible," wrote Professor James of Harvard, "save as the resultant of a totality of virtues; no defeat for which some vice or weakness is not responsible. Fidelity, cohesiveness, tenacity, heroism, conscience, education, inventiveness, economy, wealth, physical health and vigor,—there isn't a moral or intellectual superiority that doesn't tell, when God holds his assizes and hurls the people on one another."

Life also is a warfare, and here as in battles between armies, the victory depends on a totality of virtues. Every vice we allow to grow in ourselves may be the cause of our ultimate defeat. To assure yourself, therefore, of the final victory, neglect nothing; check every vicious inclination you notice in yourself; slight no means of grace; consider no day unimportant or exempt from Our Lord's warning: "Watch and pray".

Prayer, rightly understood, prepares the soul for action, sustains her on life's road when weary and worn, and arms her for the fight when foes assail her.

Catholic Events

The Holy Father was moved to tears by the great demonstration of piety, loyalty and enthusiasm given all during the sessions of the recent Eucharistic Congress in Rome, and especially by the magnificent devotion and homage paid by the hundreds of thousands to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The Holy Father's address on the occasion moved the assemblage to indescribable enthusiasm manifested by thunderous outbursts of applause. He declared that true peace could come to the world only from Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

The Holy Father is making strenuous efforts in favor of the persecuted prelates and priests of the Russian Orthodox Church. Some of these had been imprisoned because they refused to deliver the church treasures to the Soviet government. The Pope offered to pay for these treasures, stipulating that the money would be used for the starving. The Russian representative at Genoa, Tschicherin, replied that the Pope's proposals would be sent to Moscow to be favorably examined.

* * *

More than 1000 men and women, converts, were confirmed by Cardinal O'Connell on Saturday, June 10, in the cathedral of Boston.

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Work on the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington has begun. The cornerstone had been laid September 23, 1920, by Cardinal Gibbons.

* * *

Many Catholic books are being plated in Braille type by the Braille Transcribers' Club of Albany, N. Y. An effort is being made by the officers of the Club to obtain subscribers in various parts of the country, so that the number of Catholic books plated in the coming year will exceed that of any previous year.

* * *

The fifth biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will be held in Louisville, Ky., October 26 to November 2. There are now 330 associations in the Federation, representing 41 States of the United States, four provinces of Canada, and Belgium, Ireland, France and England.

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St. Gabriel's College, Madras, India, is to be raised to the grade of a University School by the Jesuit Fathers, thus giving India a Catholic University. India has two Catholic dailies, and recently a good Catholic bought out a secular journal with the intention of turning it into a Catholic daily.

At the commencement exercises of the Catholic University, Admiral Benson, delivering the address to the graduates said:

"There is need of men who by proper example in their daily lives exemplify strength of character, uncompromising morality, boundless charity and love for God, for country and for fellow-men. In private life, those men must be distinguished for honesty, sobriety and pure morals. In public they must be distinguished by unswerving loyalty and devotion to their public duties, by unselfish love of country and its institutions, and full obedience to all laws.

"Be reliable. Reliability is a fundamental requirement of success. Men with whom I have come in contact in the course of my experience in public life, stress reliability, honesty of purpose and loyalty to one's organization as prerequisites to success. Make your religion the source and support of this reliability."

The total registration of the Catholic University this year was 1904.

* * *

School Commissioner Hutcheson of Atlanta, Georgia, attempted to oust all Catholic teachers from the public schools. The committee on Teachers, however, voted unanimously to retain all of them. The four members present placed themselves squarely on record as being disgusted with the wave of anti-Catholic bigotry sweeping over Atlanta, and called upon the good citizens "to speak out against it."

"I have received dozens of anonymous telephone calls," said Superintendent Sutton, "warning me not to visit certain sections of the city if I endorsed any Catholic teachers for re-election. I also received several letters warning me that if Catholic teachers were allowed to serve next year, school buildings would be burned and the Catholic teachers put out of the way.

"I have done my duty regardless of threats and renominated these sixteen Catholic teachers. They have all been efficient and loyal. If it becomes necessary to throw protection around them next term, let us do it."

* * *

The Masons in Oregon are busy. They started a whirlwind campaign to secure 50,000 signatures for a compulsory school attendance bill. It is aimed at Catholic parochial and other private schools. It is meant to force attendance at public schools by all children between the ages of 8 and 16. This bill is sponsored by the Scottish Rite Masons, the Shriners and other Masonic bodies.

Our good friends, the Masons!

* * *

The seventh annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association met in Washington, June 20th, 21 and 22.

* * *

A movement to bring about reform in public dancing by elimination of all immodest dances, has been started by a number of prominent men and women of New York, organized under the name of the American League. "Poland, now a republic, has just banned by official edict," said the League report, "the 'American' dances. In what kind

of a position, as regards good taste and morality, does this act of Poland place our great country, otherwise so highly esteemed?" The League will support at the next session of Legislature a bill to specify rules for public dancing.

* * *

The Protestant Teachers' Association of New York is endeavoring to teach religion to pupils of the public schools.

"Under the present system," said Justice Russell, who presented the petition of incorporation of the Association, "there is no provision for religious instruction in the public schools. The chief need was for the Protestant children, since Catholics have their parochial schools and Jewish children have their own system of instruction."

They are coming to realize what we have so long maintained: there is no morality without religion, and a man's moral concepts are formed early in childhood.

* * *

The eleventh annual report of the Catholic Charities of St. Louis, shows that \$717,743.99 was expended by the Catholic charities during the past year.

* * *

Forty-nine nuns were included among the 419 graduates, ninety of whom were women, who received degrees from Fordham University (New York) at its seventy-seventh commencement on Thursday, June 15th. The degrees were conferred by Archbishop Hayes.

* * *

President Harding was asked to take steps to end the coal strike in a joint appeal presented to him by the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of Rabbis. The Churches in their appeal, asked the President "to call a national coal conference; get the facts of the coal industry through a government investigation; not to wait until the suffering women and children of the mining camps have become a national calamity, and to end the coal strike now."

* * *

On June 13th, Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R., celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the Priesthood. Father Girardey was born in 1839, in the village of Rougegouette, near Belfort, in Alsace. He was professed at the Redemptorist novitiate in 1856. On June 11, 1902, he was ordained by Most Rev. Francis Patrick, Archbishop of Baltimore. After teaching philosophy and natural Sciences for a while he entered upon missionary life and from that time on, practically, served in one position of trust after another, even that of Provincial of the Western Province,—the highest position in the gift of the Province.

Probably nothing has contributed so much to make him widely known as his books, many of which have become very popular, especially so, the Redemptorist Mission Book.

Some Good Books

What book or books are you going to slip into your suitcase or grip for vacation reading? To save you time and trouble we offer the following list. Order at once from the LIGUORIAN.

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The Man Who Vanished. By John Talbot Smith. Price \$1.90 postpaid.

The story of a man who learned "the art of disappearing".

Lamps of Fire. By Marian Nesbitt. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

A short but interesting novel in the first person singular.

The Deep Heart. By Isabel C. Clarke. Price \$1.90 postpaid.

A love story, pure and simple, invested with real charm of character-analysis.

Beck of Beckford. By M. E. Francis. Price \$2.15 postpaid.

The fortunes of a Catholic Scotch family "coom down i' the' war! a good bit".

Abbotscourt. By John Ayscough. Price \$2.10 postpaid.

The characters are all real people—not waxen images or dolls cut from the colored sheet of a Sunday paper just according to the dotted lines.

Ursula Finch. By Isabel C. Clarke. Price \$2.40 postpaid.

The story of the extreme selfishness of a beautiful young woman, and the heroic self-immolation of her less attractive sister.

The Loyalist. By James Francis Barrett. Price \$2.15 postpaid.

Will take you back to the stirring times of the American Revolution and make you follow them with all the enthusiasm of your schooldays.

"Mr. Coleman, Gent." By Enid Denis. Price \$2.40 postpaid.

Full of adventure. Through it flows a sparkling stream of romance, a sweet love-story.

FOR BOYS.

The Boy Knight. By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

Held in the Everglades. Rev. H. S. Spaulding, S. J. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

Willie-Frank of Stedley. By M. D. Kennedy. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

The Knight's Promise. By A. E. Whittington. Price \$1.75 postpaid.

The Boy Who Looked Ahead. By J. Talbot Smith. Price \$1.85 postpaid.

The Boy Who Came Back. By J. Talbot Smith. Price \$1.35 postpaid.

Facing Danger. By Father Finn. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

FOR GIRLS.

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The Quest of Mary Selwyn. By Clementia. Price \$1.60 postpaid.

Bird-a-Lea. By Clementia. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

OTHER GOOD BOOKS.

Our Palace Wonderful. By Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Price \$1.00.

Though not a novel, has gone into five editions. Will reveal to you so many things you see around and above you.

Father Tim's Talks. By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R. Price postpaid, Vol. I., \$1.10; Vol. II., \$0.85; Vol. III., \$1.60.

You will enjoy Father Tim Casey's practical sense and rippling humor and feel more proud of your Catholic faith.

On My Keeping. By Louis J. Walsh. Price postpaid, \$0.80.

A record of experiences "on the run", in Derry Gaol, and in Ballykilnlan Internment Camp. An intimate insight into the tragic events that took place in Ireland during the past four years.

Observations in the Orient. By Rev. James A. Walsh. Price \$2.00.

A book that delights, that instructs, that grips, that makes you feel China and Japan, and the Church's chances and advances in them.

Lucid Intervals

A young woman with three fair companions was on a motoring trip, when the smell of smoke became perceptible. The man at a roadside garage told them it was a hot box smoking. "It'll take me about twenty minutes to fix it," he said.

The owner stood watching him a minute as he got to work; then she said: "By the way, while you're about it, I wish you'd grind the valves, take up the foot brake and fill all the grease cups. You'll have to work lively. I'll give you just half an hour."

The man crawled from under the car and stood up. "So long as you're in such a hurry, miss," he said grimly, "I reckon you'd better git your horn jacked up and run a new car under it."

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?"

"'Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

"Where is the pain?" asked the physician.

"Oh, I don't know, doctor!" groaned the patient. "It hurts so I can't tell where it is!"

"Just so," said the doctor, proceeding to fill a small vial from a larger one. "It's a wiseacre who knows where he aches."

"You are an iceberg," exclaimed her elderly adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with 100 arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart."

"Not if they use an old beau to shoot with," calmly replied the adored one.

Mrs. Peck—Do you know that you talk in your sleep, Henry?

Mr. Peck—Do you begrudge me those few words?

Uncle Jack, who was visiting them for the Christmas holidays from the West, wished to talk to Elizabeth's father at his office. He could not find the telephone directory and thus appealed to three-year-old Elizabeth for

information regarding the 'phone number. "Elizabeth, what does Mother ask for when she talks to Daddy at his office?" he inquired.

Elizabeth was wise for her days.

"Money," she lisped.

A drunken carter came into a Greenock train and sat opposite a clergyman who was reading his paper. Recognizing the profession of his fellow-passenger the carter leaned forward and in a maudlin way remarked: "I don't believe there's any Heaven."

The clergyman paid no heed.

"Do you hear me?" persisted the carter. "I don't believe there's any Heaven."

Still the clergyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

The carter, shouting his confession this time loudly, said: "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any Heaven."

"Very well," said the clergyman; "if you do not believe there is a Heaven go elsewhere; but please go quietly."

Customer (with week's beard)—"Do you think that old razor will do it?"

Barber—"It will, sir—if the handle don't break."

The victim of a cyclone was telling of his experiences. "Suddenly, without warning," he said, "the house was nothing but a mass of wreckage, and fragments were flying in every direction. How I got out alive I don't know."

"My goodness!" little Mr. Meeker ejaculated as he jumped up. "That reminds me; I almost forgot about an errand my wife told me to do."

Jessie, aged five, spent an interesting hour in one of Washington's parks watching men putting cotton bands about the trees. Some weeks later she was walking along Connecticut Avenue when she noted a man with a mourning band about one arm.

"Mamma," she said, "what's to prevent them from crawling up his other arm?"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$3,507.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.) ...	2,057.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	492.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	1,258.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ...	1,507.00

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis) \$100.00; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church) \$185.00; Burse in Memory of Father Brown, \$3,958.50; Burse of St. Joseph, \$577.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,435.00; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$226.00; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$518.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$132.00.

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